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BALLAD OF A
GREAT CITY
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

DAVID LOWE



THE NEW AGE PRESS

140 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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TO
DAVID F. LOWE, Esq., LL.D.
GEORGE HERIOT'S SCHOOL, EDINBURGH

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

Around an ancient royal burgh, erected by a charter of the Gaberlunzie King, linger associations of our ancestors, and from the irregular streets, quaint lanes, and generous gardens, the fragrance still arises of a world that once was young and sweet and hale. For many dignified years you have lived and laboured day by day within the sphere of the influence of that noble sonnet in stone which adorns our beautiful Capital, that princely edifice born almost three centuries ago of the genius of Inigo Jones and of the bounty of the goldsmith Heriot. So it comes that whether I picture you standing in the ancestral garden, under the spacious cherry tree whose age no man can tell and whose blossoms never fail, or entering the grand old gateway through which generations of eager boyhood have passed to the pure delights of ampler knowledge, the presentment is as one, who, keeping abreast of the best of his period, is pleasurably at home with the best of bygone days. If these metrical comedies, ballads, and lyrics, carry with them a flavour to your liking, then is their dedication as fortunate as the felicity of their forthcoming.

Yours faithfully,

DAVID LOWE.

Certain sets of verses contained herein having appeared in "Pearson's Magazine," "English Illustrated Magazine," "Glasgow Herald," "Glasgow News," "Chap Book," and "Comrade" (New York), grateful acknowledgment is hereby made.

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BALLADS

A BALLAD OF GLASGOW

A VAGROM bard of Fife was he,
Who sang for singing, not for price,
Those common lilts of land and sea,
The minstrelsy of old device.

His tunes were known in every town,
From Torryburn to Pittenweem ;
The children knew him up and down,
And maidens heard his voice in dream.

At Anster Fair (when fairs were fairs)
His ballads held each restless heart.
And speaking eyes of listening pairs
Bore witness to the singer's art.

When Jocks and Jennies tripped the dance
On Fluthers lea, where Eden flows,
His bardic presence would enhance
The joys of Cupar Tryst jocose.

BALLADS

At Falkland Myres, where frolic's seen,
Or on the Links o' the Lang Toon,
At Auchtermuchty on the Green,
Thrice welcome was his favourite rune.

He was no rake nor wanton lad ;
To all an open book was he.
His life and little luck life had '
Were lightly risked at friendship's plea.

To cheer the poor, deep in the void,
He loved to bring down lyric dew ;
His graphic fun was unalloyed,
Ne'er over-merry was his muse.

When sap rose higher in the wood,
And salmon moved toward the sea ;
When birds chirped meagre interlude
To love's more tuneful melody ;

When in the furrows green spears peeped,
When white and yellow chastely reigned
In light and mystic musings steeped,
The bard, life motiveless, attained.

A BALLAD OF GLASGOW

Through April's fret and May's fleet mirth
He moved like one lost in a theme
Which from subconsciousness had birth,
And winged o'er word and form supreme.

One day he crossed the County bounds,
And westward round Loch Leven hied ;
Then strolled 'mid summer sights and sounds,
Till Stirling's Abbey Craig he spied.

At night he slept among sweet hay ;
His e'ensong rose to starry roof,
And, waking at the break of day,
He put the very birds to proof.

The second night a Falkirk blade
Who liked a tear within a song
Along with toddy—so he said—
Would have the bard stay, right or wrong.

When from his bed the blade did climb
To give gay greeting to his guest,
Some simple thanks in ready rhyme
Adorned the door that faced the West.

BALLADS

The gannet is become a lark,
The western sea a field of corn
The bounding of a little barque
An eager pulse at early morn.

O whither jaunts he all alone,
Far furth Fife's mantle golden-fringed ?
Do folk forsaken this condone ?
Is fortune on the journey hinged ?

What purpose moves the variant wind ?
How comes the ego swathed in sense ?
What is the grist that god-mills grind ?
Expound a lover's look intense ?

A feather on an east wind blown,
A dry leaf running on the ground,
A knight whose errand is unknown,—
So purposeless the bard was bound.

As foreordained by powers divine,
He found himself in Glasgow's stir,
Away from bracken and woodbine,
And wholesome fragrance of the fir.

A BALLAD OF GLASGOW

He saw the sights at dawn and dark ;
Three days he wandered near and far,
From cross to cross, from pier to park,
Amid the rush of cab and car.

The flood of life o'er endless stone
He witnessed with much wondering,
Until his spirit, tossed and lone,
From impulse faint forgot to sing.

Fair syrens thrilled gay concert-rooms,
And furbished beauties graced each ball ;
Rich loungers freshly from their grooms
Whiffed smoke on sensuous Sauchiehall.

As idly pensive on the kerb
The bard surveyed the complex throng,
A courtesan, in gown superb
And feathered darkly, swept along.

Her name was Peg, a Clare colleen,
As fair as Eve when Adam fell ;
She still had youth, her wit was keen—
And men about town knew it well.

BALLADS

She was a marked flower of the street—
Among the shameless without shame ;
But meeting her as equals meet
Would set her neck and cheeks aflame.

He carried with him such a sphere
Of harmony and innocence
That Peg betrayed, when drawing near,
A child's quaint signs of diffidence.

The street became a lonely heath,
The garish lights pure twinkling stars,
Her swollen purse a lily wreath,
Herself a bird beyond the bars.

“ Why, stranger, are you waiting here ?
For such as I do you delay ? ”
Her words became a mirror clear,
This June night a December day.

She saw her real self absolute,
Appearances were swift to go—
Then as a maid of nimble foot,
Of hanging hair, and brow of snow.

A BALLAD OF GLASGOW

And saw herself, who unsexed said :
“For such as I do you delay ?”
O wildly thought surged in her head,
Like night seas in St. Kilda’s bay.

“Sweet maid,” he said, “I know not why
I wait amid this stream of life ;
More welcome to my wearied eye
The homely, ancient land o’ Fife.

“But now it seems that we two here
Have friendly been since time began ;
Your voice has just that tone I hear
When westland winds our June flowers fan.

“A something chained me to this town,
With all its din, dirt, grace, and pride ;
Yet looked not I for sweet renown
In mating you by sullen Clyde.”

She wiled him home where all was still,
Beyond the rude glare and the fret ;
She tended him with warmest will,
Her cheeks with glad tears glistening wet.

BALLADS

The table, laid with her own hands,
Bore flowers and fruits and comely cheer,
And bottles capsuled with rare brands,
The vintage of a record year.

Anon they drew toward the fire,
That wizard over pliant mind—
Of trifles lovers never tire
If but the voice of each be kind.

A taper touched a candle tip.
She proudly made the bed for him,
Then kissed "Good night" with nervous lip,
Retiring trained with seraphim.

At early morning he awoke
Quite unrefreshed, confused, and strange.
Black gripping grief would fain him choke,
And furies fought at closest range.

For open to his inner sight
Were all the secrets of the room,
The orgies and the moral blight
That turn a house into a tomb.

A BALLAD OF GLASGOW

As though from written words she read
A dire awakening in his eye ;
And wanly wished that she were dead
Than feel the burden of his cry :

“ O come, my love, my caged bird, come.
This cannot longer be your home ;
The woods are ours, the wild bees hum,
The open road, the ample dome.

“ My soul is yours, your soul is mine
Whate'er be past, whate'er befall ;
'Tis not the Cup ; but 'tis the Wine—
We can elude the Body's thrall !

“ Nay, stand not ashen-hued and dumb,
I loved you long ere fate was fell ;
O come, my love, my caged bird, come
To greeny lane and dewy dell.

“ No? No? No? Do I call in vain?
Then let us stay amid the fret,
And I shall toil with might and main
To meet our wants, to wing regret.

BALLADS

“ Sweet Peg, I shall a housebird be ”
(At this his full throat hardened sore);
“ I’ll stem the lilts of land and sea,
Nor greet plain folk from door to door.”

As evening gathers all things in,
And rounds them flawless to her mood,
Peg made with tender touch akin
Her answer felt and understood :—

“ For you and these great words of yours
I feel what I must needs repress ;
O’erjoyed this heart that grief endures
And joy makes not my sorrow less.

“ Ah, me ! the love that lately sprung
Is holy to my clearest sight,
And through the gate wide open flung
I may not enter in my plight.

“ So fare you well, till life is o’er
And freedom comes from Death’s dear hand,
Till then I’ll cherish more and more
The purest love in all the land.”

A BALLAD OF GLASGOW

“So long.” A minstrel’s mirth is done.
A brilliant hope is past. “So long.”
“So long.” A mist obscures the sun.
The first shall be the last. “So long.”

“O where is he who smiled so good?”
Shy children asked as weeks went by;
“He comes no more who understood,”
Rapt maidens thought with open sigh.

A long-chinned gossip waiting late
To tend a neighbour old and frail,
Was sure his ghost stood at her gate:
Among the mists far east as Crail.

Sure that his wraith passed by their door,
Two Fifan herds, lodged in Tíree,
Inquired if still from shore to shore
The bard sang lilts of land and sea.

A salmon Fisher on the Tay,
As stent he stood aboard his boat,
A sad voice heard at break of day,
Which flowered the waves with songs afloat.

BALLADS

THE FLOWER OF ANNETHILL

A BALLAD

O IT'S the flower of Annethill,
A maid of meikle pride and will,
And how of love she made a play.
The bloom of youth soon fades away.

O it's true Walter of Gledhall,
A lad the prince of gallants all,
And how his fancy went astray.
The bloom of youth soon fades away.

Her hair was long, and black as coal,
The charm of life its aureole,
Her eyes were wells of deepest grey.
The bloom of youth soon fades away.

Her bright lip formed a Cupid's bow,
Fires hidden made her fair cheek glow,
Her brow was white as bramble spray.
The bloom of youth soon fades away.

THE FLOWER OF ANNETHILL

She had a little tapered hand,
A figure supple as a wand,
A foot as light as woodland fay.
'The bloom of youth soon fades away.

There was a witchery in her smile,
Her glance would haloed saints beguile,
And men of blood were easy prey.
The bloom of youth soon fades away.

Her beauty was of great renown,
Her trifling felt in tower and town,
She wounded and would not allay.
The bloom of youth soon fades away.

Brave suitors came, sad lovers went,
She made her bower a tournament,
And valiant hearts broke in the fray.
The bloom of youth soon fades away

Albeit when Walter firstly spoke,
Her soul from vanity awoke,
She lived within love's light, a day.
The bloom of youth soon fades away.

BALLADS

Alas, pride did her heart reprove,
Her will refused to wait on love,
She wist not what to do or say.
The bloom of youth soon fades away.

From all the gallants in her court,
Of whom she made but wanton sport,
She hid deep where her liking lay.
The bloom of youth soon fades away.

She saw brave Walter all her own,
She filled again her haughty throne
She toyed with him for holiday.
The bloom of youth soon fades away.

The long nights came, the short nights went,
She held pride's wilful tournament,
Until came beauty's winter day.
The bloom of youth soon fades away.

Her suitors all have disappeared,
And only Walter's voice is heard,
His golden hair is mixed with grey.
The bloom of youth soon fades away.

THE FLOWER OF ANNETHILL

“A lesson I have learned to read :
Who falls in love does fall indeed,
He sins who loves but human clay.”
The bloom of youth soon fades away.

He's horsed and gallops to Gledhall,
And voices in the darkness call,
To true love while he can and may.
The bloom of youth soon fades away.

“Alas, is Annethill forlorn ?
Alas, his fealty I did scorn,
Alas, of love I made a play.”
The bloom of youth soon fades away.

Around the Keep of Annethill,
November winds blow loud and shrill,
Its hearth is open to the day.
The bloom of youth soon fades away.

*Baloo, baloo, my bonnie bairn,
Baloo, baloo, my bonnie hen,
The seven winds sweep around the cairn
The mist is trailing o'er the Ben.*

BALLADS

It's Walter coming from the wars,
With many honours, many scars, ¹
And fame that flowered in every fray.
The dream of youth ne'er fades away.

He travelled many weary miles,
Refused to bask in Fortune's smiles,
The yearn for home nought could allay.
The dream of youth ne'er fades away.

He reached the height of Annethill,
And all was dark and drear and still,
Salt tears burst forth, he sobbing lay.
The dream of youth ne'er fades away.

A radiant being robed in white,
With eyes of love, and crown of light,
Bent down and kissed his tears away.
The dream of youth ne'er fades away.

She had a little tapered hand,
A figure supple as a wand,
A foot as light as woodland fay.
The dream of youth ne'er fades away.

THE FLOWER OF ANNETHILL

No joy was e'er so deep as this,
True love woke from its chrysalis
And winged into the perfect day.
The dream of youth ne'er fades away.

And through the night on Annethill
These two were bound in bliss until
The red sun sent a warning ray.
The dream of youth ne'er fades away.

A tender voice breathed in his ear,
"O tarry not, my dearest dear,
Ours is the flower that blooms for aye."
The dream of youth ne'er fades away.

Upon her grave the warrior lies,
And from her grave he may not rise,
For peace has come with him to stay.
The dream of youth ne'er fades away.

BALLADS

BALGONIE

“ O DINNA gang hame, Balgonie,
The nicht's young, and luv'e's lang ;
O steerna a fit, Balgonie,
I'll sing a gloamin' sang.”

Her skin was like the ivorie
And raven black her hair,
Her body the butt o' a bonnie birk tree,
Her een beyond compare.

He sat him doon on the auld auld brig,
Whaur Leven water rins,
And smiled fu' braid, and smoothed his wig
Forgettin' a' his sins.

“ Sing up, braw lass, deil tak' the time,
I'll hame at early morn,
My bluid's owre het for Norway's clime,
The land whaur I was born.”

BALGONIE

She looked him owre an' gied a lauch,
She cuist a glamour deep ;
He shivered,—for a willow saugh,
Had bent its crest to weep.

“ A braw lang man cam' frae the North
Whaur he had left a wife,
He cam' a-sailin' up the Forth,
Bound for the kingdom, Fife.

“ His hair was hanging to his belt,
Grey gold as heckled flax,
And no a bonnier pictish Celt,
E'er swung a battle axe.

“ He wooed and won a Scottish lass,
He took her maidenhead ;
Noo she is laid beneath the grass
A queen among the dead.

“ But Scottish lass and his ain wife
Nae mair, nae mair he'll see,
He's tint his heart again in Fife
He's tint it to a tree.”

BALLADS

“It’s fause, it’s fause, my bonnie dear,
For I lo’e nane but you,
Till time rins doon your sang I’ll hear
My bluid it’s burnin’ through.

“I ha’e nae wife, I kenn’d nae lass,
I wrought nae maiden ill,
And if you’ll sail ayont the Bass,
I’ll gie ye a’ your will.”

The spirit o’ the bonnie birk
In thrall did haud him sair,
She rase in beauty in the mirk,
And combed her raven hair.

Roond her about his arms he threw,
An’ gripped her to his breest,
He swore his love was leal and true—
Till day woke in the East.

And frae that place he couldna gang
And monie nichts gaed by;
And aye he heard her sing that sang
And sairly he did sigh.

BALGONIE

His ain true wife in cauld Norway
Sat wi' her bairnies three,
They grat and grat the lee lang day
But never hame cam' he.

LYRICS

THE ROSE OF OLD BEDLAY

THE ROSE OF OLD BEDLAY

THE sun swept o'er the Campsie hills
And sable shadows threw ;
The lonely Ben all robed in light
Towered high into the blue ;
I met a maid right sweet of face,
Who came Drumcavil way,
And from that hour I ne'er forgot
The rose of Old Bedlay.

Her hair half hid her pallid brow
And o'er her shoulders strayed,
Around her waist of perfect mould
Her shining ringlets played ;
We wandered till the sun went down
And little did we say,
But love was like an open door—
O rose of Old Bedlay.

LYRICS

We tarried long, we spoke of home,
And still the longer stayed ;
There lived but two folk in the world
A lover and a maid.

Her summers were but seventeen,
Her heart as bright as May,
The wan moon saw within my arms
The rose of Old Bedlay.

The lamp of night shone o'er her face,
The lamp of life within ;
A language leapt into our eyes
Like water o'er a linn ;
I felt that heaven had made this tryst
As on my breast she lay ;
I wore the fairest flower on earth,
The rose of Old Bedlay.

HONOURS THREE

HONOURS THREE

I CHANGED my life and took to wife
A maiden young and fair
And while her glance makes life romance
I never need despair.

Let us agree, good companie,
To give her honours three,
Where'er I roam she is my home
And all the world to me.

In golden glass here's to the lass
Who laid her hand in mine,
Who spoke the word I gladly heard
And did with me entwine.

Let us agree, good companie,
To give her honours three,
Where'er I roam she is my home
And all the world to me.

LYRICS

If fortune frown, if sun go down,
If false friends all depart,
Of these bereft there still is left
The sunshine of her heart.
Let us agree, good companie,
To give her honours three,
Where'er I roam she is my home
And all the world to me.

THE LONG, LONG ROAD

THE LONG, LONG ROAD

THE harvest fields are yellow,
 On the long, long road ;
The bramble's black and mellow
 On the long, long road ;
The harebell's bonnie blue,
The heather's purple hue,
Are touched with thoughts of you
 On the long, long road.

I hear the village bells
 On the long, long road ;
I cross the lonely fells
 On the long, long road ;
I bless hill, wood, and glen,
I greet wayfaring men ;
And you are with me then
 On the long, long road.

LYRICS

I walk through seas of grass
 On the long, long road ;
Where shadows flit and pass
 On the long, long road ;
There's music 'mong the reeds,
Where blithe the high wind speeds,
And you to him who heeds
 On the long, long road.

O rowans hanging red
 On the long, long road ;
And rippling leaves o'erhead,
 On the long, long road ;
A hawk wings far above,
An eagle's on the move ;
But fancy flies to love
 On the long, long road.

The shepherd guides his sheep
 On the long, long road ;
The fairies peer and peep
 On the long, long road ;

THE LONG, LONG ROAD

The golden sunlight dies,
A full moon rules the skies;
And dreams of you arise
 On the long, long road.

LYRICS

THE LASS THAT CLEANED MY SHOON

It was a bridal companie
That danced within Gladha',
As brave a bridal companie
As ever minstrel saw ;
And ilka leddy linked her lord,
Fu' dainty gripped her gown,
But, braw and bonnie, nane could match
The lass that cleaned my shoön.

I'd stepped it oot owre miry fields,
The road was mirk and lang,
And blithe was I to reach the door
Whaur lood the revels rang.
She booded me in wi' lightsome grace,
Then on her knee gaed doon,
I had the hale world at my feet—
The lass that cleaned my shoön.

THE LASS THAT CLEANED MY SHOON

O, ance she lifted up her head,
And on me laid her een,
I saw the luck that smeared my shoon
And wished they'd never clean ;
Her genty bodie glanced my shins
As she gaed roon' and roon',
Her glamour bides until this 'oor—
The lass that cleaned my shoon.

I danced wi' ane, I danced wi' ten,
I danced wi' near a score,
Yet a' the time I danced wi' nane
But her that ope'd the door—
The lassie wi' the lauchin' een,
The lass frae Millerstoun,
The lightsome lass that bore the gree,
The lass that cleaned my shoon.

LYRICS

ALL SPEAK TO ME OF YOU

THE fields are bright, the woods are sweet,
After a night of dew,
And white-winged clouds are floating high
Over a boundless blue,
And light and height and earth's delight
All speak to me of you.

Deep shadows quiver o'er the dell
Where waters gleam and brew,
Where woodbine and wild roses blow
And yellow lilies too;
The shade and glade and flowers arrayed
All speak to me of you.

Beyond the heath-clad western hills
The red sun sinks from view,
And from its dying might distills
A flood of golden hue;
The passing sun, the day that's done,
All speak to me of you.

ALL SPEAK TO ME OF YOU

And soon a lonely star peeps out,

Already there are two!

Behold a brilliant heavenly rout

As each takes up its cue!

And every star both near and far

Sends word to me of you.

LYRICS

SINCE I HAVE RID ME O' THE SPLEEN

THE earth is fairer than before,
The air more pure and sweet,
White Peace has opened wide her door,
Bright Bliss has spread her seat ;
All's well that I have known or been
Since I have rid me o' the spleen.

In years of wandering afar
I've met the strange and new ;
I've felt the powers that make or mar,
I've worn the rose and rue ;
But now my spirit dwells serene
Since I have rid me o' the spleen.

My thoughts float in the starry sea,
And ride the sunny ray ;
They race the west wind on the lea,
And on the streamlets play ;
And all is good I've heard and seen,
Since I have rid me o' the spleen.

SINCE I HAVE RID ME O' THE SPLEEN

I've heard rare wit from red, red lips,
New songs from breasts of snow,
Great harmonies from finger tips,
Which art moved to and fro ;
And other riches I shall glean
Since I have rid me o' the spleen.

If infant cry desired an ear,
Or girlish yearning rest ;
If human sorrow sought a tear,
Or human joy a guest ;
If feeble age required to lean—
Thank God, I've rid me o' the spleen.

LYRICS

THE LASS O' SHANKRUMMUIR

DENTY, denty, doon the road,
Her coaties kilted hie,
Gaed the lass o' Shankrummuir,
Wha winna let me be.

Lauchin', lauchin', was her een,
As aye she glanced behin',
Something queer to my heart's door
Cam' tirlin' at the pin.

Roguish, roguish, near the turn,
She wafted kisses three ;
Ere she crossed the Bothlyn Burn,
She had nae faut to me.

Tousie, tousie, was her hair,
And rosie was her skin,
Something queer at my heart's door
Stopt tirlin' at the pin.

THE NEW TIME

THE NEW TIME

IN every land there shall arise
A people full of hope and mirth ;
With music mounting to the skies,
And glory girt about the earth ;
Like waking flowers, all bright with dew,
Like roses opening to the sun,
The souls of men shall hail in view,
A golden life for every one.

Pale weariness shall be unknown,
And greedy care shall pass away ;
No more shall toiling millions moan
And weep their fate from day to day ;
Like songs in June from happy bird,
Like wimpling waters in a wood,
Like hero's will in poet's words,
Shall life be felt and understood.

LYRICS

The dreams shall be the day's delight,
And beauty, art's perpetual boon,
No fear shall mar the silent night,
No grief invade the exultant noon ;
But valour, walking free and wise,
And honour circling every brow,
And goodwill gleaming from all eyes,
Shall fate with fairer fame endow.

In every heart there shall upspring
An impulse new of noble birth,
And wit and grace and worth shall fling
A glow of fancy o'er the earth ;
And laughter o'er the lips of men
Shall leap alive with artless glee ;
And kindness in its kingdom then
Shall reign supreme from sea to sea.

LORD DURISDEER

LORD DURISDEER

HE reached the bridge at Shankrummoor,
Through which the Bothlyn seeks the sea,
And there an old man, grey and poor,
Sat with the great world on his knee.

“Is this the way to Earth’s Delight?
And is the road still long and steep?
I’ve ridden hard since morning light,
And now the evening shadows creep.”

Thus weary spake Lord Durisdeer,
And gently stroked his weary steed;
Perchance the Ancient did not hear,
Perchance it pleased him not to heed.

He took the big world on his knee,
With merry zest he made it spin—
“I play the world that plays with me;
It is a game that both may win.”

LYRICS

He took the big world on his knee,
And merrily he made it spin—
“What I possess, possesses me ;
It is a game that both may win.”

He took the big world on his knee,
And merrily he made it spin—
“Whate’er I find, discovers me ;
It is a game that both may win.

“Who envies, loses of his lot,
Who sells, is in his selling bought,
Who gets, is in his getting got,
Who seeks, is in his seeking sought.”

Lord Durisdeer rode up the hill,
He murmured at Drumcavil gate :
“Is Earth’s Delight beyond my will ?
Or my desire beyond my fate ?”

NATURE AND DESIRE

NATURE AND DESIRE

SWEET voices woo the starry night,
And breezes on the waters write
Rich music for an unseen choir.
O rest in nature from desire.

The hills invite to purest air,
The woods give peace beyond compare,
The moorland lifts our fancies higher.
O rest in nature from desire.

Behold each wild and lonesome thing,
The fleet of foot, the swift on wing,
Their humble garb, their gay attire.
O rest in nature from desire.

When sights and sounds the soul attune,
The light of life surrounds us soon,
We feel no more sin's wrathful fire.
O rest in nature from desire.

LYRICS

Across the grey mysterious sea,
Emotion brings an argosy
Of balm and blessing all require.
O rest in nature from desire.

PEACE FOR EVERYTHING

PEACE FOR EVERYTHING

THE sun beams over moor and hill,
The clouds are soft, and grey and still,
Like floating stars, white sea-gull's wing,
Vast peace enfoldeth everything.

A slow wind stirs the yellow bent,
Tall, dark green firs stand strong and stent,
And from afar bright streamlets bring
A song of peace for everything.

And eyes are pleased with the sight.
I drink a draught of deep delight,
With Nature's tone my glad ears ring,
And I'm at peace with everything.

O water, earth, and air, and fire,
A moment tuned beyond desire,
I hear an unseen chorus sing
Eternal peace for everything.

LYRICS

DEATH AND BIRTH

HE was a man of meikle mirth,
A man of meikle sin,
When that the forms of Death and Birth
To his dear house came in.

His gentle father grey and white,
So still within the shroud,
Wrapped his bright heart in wintry night
And one unbroken cloud.

“Thyself, Lord help me to reveal
Unto Thyself in me.”
Those words profound composed the seal
He set on death’s decree.

Is that, is that the lone, lone sea
That moans along the shore,
Or is it but a phantasy
Of grief for evermore?

DEATH AND BIRTH

They held the infant to his eyes,
His tiny, first-born son,
Till pain was conquered by surprise,
And love from anguish won.

When all alone thought was his curse,
His soul a dark abode ;
His son's loud crowing to the nurse
Upraised his weary load.

His friends saw that his eyes were glad,
And bright with nameless bliss ;
But others said his eyes were sad,
Such sorrow had been his.

LYRICS

MARGARET

O'ER dreamy wood and winding rill,
The gloaming calm and grey ;
A lonely red light on the hill
And no one by the way ;
We'll seek the spot where first we met,
My budding, blue-eyed Margaret.

The soothing stir of autumn leaves,
The singing of the Linn,
Soft shadows of the standing sheaves,
And you my arms within ;
'Tis good that we should linger yet,
My budding, blue-eyed Margaret.

Above, the stars beam dewy clear,
Deep yellow is the moon ;
Sweet music comes from every sphere,
O leave me not so soon !
Why are those trembling eyelids wet,
My budding, blue-eyed Margaret ?

MARGARET

To me the sheeny curl of gold
 Upon your snowy brow,
The light that gives angelic mould
 To every feature now,
Are more than charm or amulet,
My budding, blue-eyed Margaret.

LYRICS

O MEET ME

WHERE ploughmen lead wise teams afield,
The dear old earth upturning,
Where birds, with mating songs unsealed,
Proclaim blithe Spring's returning ;
O meet me, dearest lass o' mine,
When dusk has lipped day's amber wine.

Wan Winter hath wept all her tears,
Hath made a truce with sorrow,
And Spring broods over woods and meres,
O'er lea and moor and furrow ;
O meet me, dearest lass o' mine,
Where Scaur and Shinnel intertwine.

In leafless trees fain rooks have built
Rude nests with loud careering,
The wheaten seeds in Autumn spilt
Are tender shoots appearing ;
O meet me, dearest lass o' mine,
While peace comes down at day's decline.

O MEET ME

A hint of leaf on hawthorn tree,
Where blackbirds flute it mellow,
A gleam of sun most fair to see
On crocus, white and yellow ;
O meet me, dearest lass o' mine,
When eager stars but faintly shine.

LYRICS

A VICTIM OF COMMERCE

AN eager boy of tender years
Worked ten hours daily at the mill ;
At even, worn with toil and tears,
He cried, " Is this on earth God's will ? "

March snowdrops came, and crocus bloomed,
The lily and the daffodil ;
Immured where man and mammon gloomed,
He moaned, " Is this on earth God's will ? "

His life's blood brought a roll of pence ;
At last there was no drop to spill ;
The dying child, with tire intense,
Sobbed out, " Is this on earth God's will ? "

THE GIFT DIVINE

THE GIFT DIVINE

SOMETIMES I hear it rumbling o'er the ground,
And oft I hear it in the wind ;
The sea brings tidings of it, and in the darkness
Visions of it dance ;
I stand unpremeditated on the lone road :
Breathing becomes imperceptible, and the body
Erects itself: then holds itself motionless
And a sense of wonder arises,
And a surge of emotion tides in ;
And over the body there runs a great thrill,
Till it floods the head, and leaves one
Bathed in illumination.
The sad face rounds out in rapture divine,
Upward to the starry sky the eyes are lifted,
And most exquisite oneness is here ;
One sees the universal flower and inhales its fragrance ;
So beautiful has life become that delight
Runs to tears.

LYRICS

GOOD DRINK

O MERRY have the moments been,
O merry they shall be ;
For sorrow may not intervene,
Or foes come o'er the sea.

We toil and trouble every day
Till life is dark and vain ;
For one brief hour be wisely gay ;
Our glasses fill again.

'Tis not alone the spirit's charm
That brightens every eye ;
For light is born when hearts are warm,
And fancy wings on high.

O welcome night when cronies meet,
And love with liquor flows ;
When kindness fills the honoured seat,
And round the wassail goes.

GOOD DRINK

Good drink is only for the good,
Bright brains alone drink deep ;
The evil man attains his mood,
The dullard goes to sleep.

Here's to the days that are to be ;
Here's to the days behind ;
And here's to love and liberty ;
And here's to all mankind !

LYRICS

MY HEART IS O'ER THE SEA

I SEE the mist creep o'er the hills,
I hear the pine wood sighing,
I feel the balmy wind that fills
The vale before me lying ;
But, oh, with her who waits for me,
My heart, my heart, is o'er the sea.

Beyond the burn in ripened field,
Blithe harvesters are singing,
They band in sheaves the golden yield
Against its homeward bringing ;
But, oh, with her who waits for me,
My heart, my heart, is o'er the sea.

Together in the airy tide
Are plovers grey and golden,
And watchful on the water side
Are wood doves, young and olden ;
But, oh, with her who waits for me,
My heart, my heart, is o'er the sea.

MY HEART IS O'ER THE SEA

The lands and every thing around
Are good and goodly growing,
And orchards with red fruit abound,
The garden still is blowing ;
But, oh, with her who waits for me,
My heart, my heart, is o'er the sea.

LYRICS

FOR THE LIKE O' ME

Lav'rock, lav'rock, lav'rock, lav'rock,
Singin', sailin'—sailin', singin', ower the airy sea,
Ken ye ocht o' sorrow,
Or a sang to borrow for the like o' me?

Lav'rock, lav'rock, lav'rock, lav'rock,
Liltin', loupin'—loupin', liltin', in the lift sae hie;
Is your lichtsome singin',
Or your upward wingin', for the like o' me?

Lav'rock, lav'rock, lav'rock, lav'rock,
Drappin', dippin'—dippin', drappin', doon upon the
 lea;
Did the gait grow eerie,
Or your sweet strain weary, for the like o' me?

A MAIDEN'S HAIR

A MAIDEN'S HAIR

FULL seven long years have passed away,
A cycle mem'ry crowns with bay.
O rich brown hair, O band of blue,
Illusion now bids love adieu.

Man lives but little in his life,
He sows in sorrow, reaps in strife,
His hours of harmony are few.
Illusion now bids love adieu.

She came amid the mirth of spring
When hope awakes in everything,
In mist and sunbeam, cloud and dew.
Illusion now bids love adieu.

She nestled near me in a wood,
Love found us there in solitude,
Upon my face her soft hair blew
Illusion now bids love adieu.

LYRICS

When autumn's golden largesse gleamed,
Her hair before the west wind streamed ;
Within my plaid herself I drew.
Illusion now bids love adieu.

O dreary moon, O dreary sky,
O wailing wood as passing by
The drear wind seeks through elm and yew.
Illusion now bids love adieu.

In winter at the evenings' close
Ere yet she sought her bed of snows
I twined her hair into a queue.
Illusion now bids love adieu.

That tide of long luxuriant hair,
I oft caressed it unaware,
And dreamt of worlds for ever new.
Illusion now bids love adieu.

O'er nape and back and waist it spread,
With glints of gold and hints of red,
Its glory did my life imbue.
Illusion now bids love adieu.

A MAIDEN'S HAIR

I combed it with a tender touch
I could not kiss it overmuch ;
The tresses round my fancy grew.
Illusion now bids love adieu.

A clear red sun, a golden moon,
In misty seas of dove-grey swoon,
O'er frost-bound lea of silvern hue
Illusion now bids love adieu.

No more I braid her wondrous hair,
No more I kiss it unaware,
Or dream of worlds for ever new.
Illusion now bids love adieu.

I care not for the coming spring,
The fresh impulse for everything,
It's gone for ever what I sue.
Illusion now bids love adieu.

O weary wind make ceaseless moan
In unavailing monotone,
For tresses lost to me and you.
Illusion now bids love adieu.

LYRICS

THE ROSE

A ROSE in bloom is heaven in sight,
A withered rose hath still delight ;
I love the rose in bud and bloom,
So true it is, it has no tomb.

Among my verses roses lie,
Their brightness fades, they cannot die ;
Their sap has vanished in the air,
Their perfume lingers everywhere.

I kiss the dew-wet red, red rose,
A meekness comes, a passion grows ;
I float where stars dance in the sea,
I walk the pure path lit for me.

A rose, a rose will hold mine eyes
From all the wonders of the skies ;
When to my lips its leaves are pressed,
It woos me to the realm of rest.

THE ROSE

I love the rose of deep, deep red,
To give it beauty Nature bled ;
Divine its fragrance doth uprise,
It wither may, but never dies.

LYRICS

REMEMBRANCE

UPON the trembling rain-wet leaves of May,
Bright morning shafts of sunlight dance and play,
And from the living green of nature's youth,
Each am'rous bird pours out a merry lay.

I seem to hear a call from every tree
To weave the golden threads of memory,
And make with rhymes a robe of rich regard
For her who lit the world with worth for me.

My years had been a winter wan and cold,
And even gladsome youth seemed grey and old,
Till first her pensive violet eyes revealed
Of love the matchless summers manifold.

Then ne'er a west wind brought its genial wine,
Through songs of birds, and trees that intertwine
O'er precious fields and gardens of delight,
But filled my soul from hers with draughts divine.

REMEMBRANCE

I never knew what tides of love could flow
With freights of joy, swift carried to and fro,
On simple, simple syllables of speech,
Until her voice did set my heart aglow.

Like seaward streams in midnight quietude,
With liquid music lulling field and wood,
And holding silence in an artless spell,
So were her words as my heart understood.

To think of her exalted ev'ry thought,
The humblest task a glint of glory caught,
The futile and the commonplace dissolved,
And magic over time and space was wrought.

At gloaming through her garden gliding down,
She wore with maiden grace a radiant crown,
And I alone did see and understand
That regal sign of spiritual renown.

Perchance when from this troublous world I pass,
And this poor frame lies crumbling 'neath the grass,
Her peerless beauty I shall find revealed,
Which now is faintly seen as in a glass.

LYRICS

She was my virtue and my vast repose,
She made life bloom all fragrant as the rose,
My firmament she filled with purest orbs,
Each day dawned sweet, and sweet was evening's
close.

QUIETNESS

QUIETNESS

I

DARKNESS all around,
Soft the west wind blows,
Deep the silence is
And earth's repose.

Lone where trees upstand,
Trees that gentle are,
Music sweet I hear
From spheres afar.

Dear the death of thought,
Great is solitude,
Blest the unsought gift,
Rich the humble mood.

LYRICS

II

On her right side in the west
A crescent moon reclines
And the blue sky greyly dressed
Is gemmed with starry signs,
And the wind is gone to rest
Among the tranquil pines.

O the mem'ries of the day
Too trivial are to keep,
While great shadows o'er my way
Are tender, mild, and deep,
And the midnight fairies play
While all the world's asleep.

VIOLET EYES

VIOLET EYES

O LADY of the violet eyes,
So long long lost to sight,
What pictures of your beauty rise,
To glorify the night.

What sailor on life's restless sea,
Will from my faded chart
Describe the course God meant for me,
O wild unhavened heart?

LYRICS

AWAKENED

THE toiling wight, subdued and bent,
At last erectly stands,
With tranquil brow, with true intent,
And life's key in his hands ;
As earth beneath the regal Sun,
The human race to him ;
And ere his task is well begun
His cup beads to the brim !

The vision he has seen of life,
Where man has left the beast,
Beyond the fierce red days of strife
Where Art has spread her feast ;
He fathoms the immortal plan,
Wherein all human kind
The children are of God and Man,
With toil's curse cast behind.

THE POET—LIFE

THE POET

A SENTIENT system of many selves,
Like planets in the deep deep sky,
He reads the riddle that science shelves
And lips the springs that never dry.

LIFE

A STRING that snaps in the silent night,
A parting wave of a friendly hand,
A faint huzza in a half-won fight,
A scholar's art on the shifting sand.

LYRICS

TRUTH IS THE PRIZE

WOMAN benign and great,
Born to be blest,
Death is an open gate,
Enter and rest.

He was like one whose sight
Flinches the sun,
Fled from your glance so bright
Blind and undone.

Even the roses know
What you would hide,
Woman of fire and snow
Sinless abide.

O hopeless heart be true,
Truth is the prize,
Love is for ever new,
Truth never dies.

MY BONNIE HEN

MY BONNIE HEN

A DADDIN' wind blows frae the Wast,
And on its breest a peltin' rain,
Adoon the gate before the blast
The burn rins roarin' to the main ;
The awesome nicht howls wild and drear,
Wi' eldritch sounds frae wood and den,—
But there is ane that I lo'e dear,
And I maun meet my bonnie hen.

Deep hid the sky beneath nicht's veil,
Nae blink o' mony sparklin' een ;
Auld trees that never feared a gale
Are groanin' hard and battlin' keen,
And eerie phantom shapes appear
That mak' my hair stand richt on en',—
But there is ane that I lo'e dear,
And I maun meet my bonnie hen.

LYRICS

My trews are jaupit to the seat,
My buckled shoon rin like a ronn,
My guid grey plaid is waukin' weet,
My bonnet blue will scarce bide on;
But to yon bower I'll blythly steer,
I've walked it owre and owre again,—
For there is ane that I lo'e dear,
And I maun meet my bonnie hen.

THE TRYST

THE TRYST

ACROSS the vale sweet strains of rustic music float,
And hearty robust voices greet each gladsome note ;
Adown the country dance upon the village green
Each ploughman leads his lass believing her its queen.

Beside an ancient gateway 'gainst an old oak tree,
I wait my Peggy's coming as she trysted me ;
And music thrills the air that knows no human art,
And music makes me tremble, the music of my heart.

A tranquil moon glides onward like a golden die,
That stamps the seal of beauty on a grey-blue sky ;
Deep in the lap of peace the earth contented sleeps,
While night with starry eyes a loving vigil keeps.

And featly o'er the lea my Peggy comes apace,
With freshness in her hair, and roses in her face,
Her gentle figure clings upon my beating breast,
And I, with shining eyes, shower kisses on her rest.

LYRICS

PEGGY

ALAS, the gaze of Peggy told,
More than her young heart knew,
That look would have in days of old
Made proud knights dare and do;
And as for me I know not how
To rid me of her eyes,
That beamed beneath her placid brow
Clear wells 'neath cloudless skies.

A fall of brown hair twines her waist,
So lissom, lithe, and neat,
And lovelier ankles never graced
The daintiest of feet.
A sphere of innocence surrounds
Her gentle maidenhood,
Like soft, soft air within the bounds
Of an autumnal wood.

PEGGY

So many years stand us between,
What are those years for me?
She is a flower of fair sixteen
The fairest I can see ;
Her girlish form has made my sight
Of all God's gifts the best,
To her my fancies wing their flight
And linger there at rest.

LYRICS

HONEST POVERTY

WHILE ither bairns are bein an' braw,
Wear boots, and spats, and a' that,
Oor wee anes' bare feet mark the snaw,
And we think shame for a' that ;
For a' that and a' that,
Oor votes and vows and a' that,
E'en birds can bring their garbies up,
And fend for them and a' that.

The man o' worth, we praise him high,
And wish him weel and a' that,
Because for honest poverty
He hangs his head and a' that ;
For a' that and a' that,
His toils and cares and a' that,
Cauld poortith chills the free-born heart,
True manhood's pride and a' that.

HONEST POVERTY

You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares and a' that,
The hunners snoolin' at his word
Are puir, puir things for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their servile lauch and a' that,
He'd be less lord were they mair men,
And didna creenge to a' that.

A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But ilka ane his feet may dicht
Upon puir folk for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their want of claes and a' that,
Wi' hungry wames and pouches toom,
They thole the kicks and a' that.

Then let us pray that poverty
May tak' the gait for a' that,
And that the workers o' the earth,
May get their ain and a' that.

LYRICS

For a' that and a' that,
 Their want o' sense and a' that,
The day they get up aff their knees,
 A man's a man for a' that.

BONNIE MAY

BONNIE MAY

It passed between us in a look,
A look and something more,
The merry party we forsook
And crossed the threshold o'er,
Into the night, the starry night,
Along the lonely way,
And whether it were wrong or right :
Blest be my bonnie May.

The wind came icy from the west,
As if to chill us through,
But near and nearer we had prest
And fond and fonder grew,
Till coming to the deep pine wood
Our slow steps we did stay,
And what then passed was wondrous good :
Blest be my bonnie May.

LYRICS

O solemn is a woman's gaze,
 When it contains her heart,
O radiant is her glad amaze
 To know a lover's art ;
The night, her soul, her eyes, her hair,
 Unite one word to say,
I kissed her o'er and o'er again :
 Blest be my bonnie May.

Her cheek I stroked, I stroked her brow,
 With love and tenderness,
And every touch I did endow
 With more than words express ;
We floated on a gladsome tide
 Into the far away
Where memory ever will abide :
 Blest be my bonnie May.

SONG OF DEATH

SONG OF DEATH

A NEW day freshly beaming,
After the East's deep red,
From sleep is sense redeeming
And hallowing my head ;
It brings a theme, o'er all supreme,
A song of faith and exultation for the dead.

While flesh and blood are blending
And life spreads sensuous lures,
Man's spirit has no ending,
Mentality endures ;
Our span of time—youth, eld, or prime—
Is but illusion brief in which the soul immures.

To those who feel that dying
Is but a change of state ;
That death is an untying
Which frees the soul elate ;
Nor luck nor woe, nor sun nor snow,
Can move the balanced mind that bears such blissful
freight.

LYRICS

Would my poor muse had pinions
Strong as the trust I hold !
I'd bring from high dominions
Charmed lines which would unfold
How infant breath, how stingless death,
Nor open nor conclude the tale that's being told.

While yet of dust and dreaming,
A child of changeful time,
I from divine forthstreaming
Imbided the draught sublime ;
It bears me through the gross and grue
Into an inward state serener than earth's clime.

When cloud and wind are raining
Cold tears against the pane,
And ships at sea are straining
To reach the sheltered main,
His trust in art, in boat and chart
Sustain the sailor's hope of reaching home again.

SONG OF DEATH

And so 'mid wounds and striving,
In poverty and pride,
When cosmos seems conniving
My will to override,
And bring to heel the truth I feel—
Then firm I grasp the faith that death is on my side.

Why pule and pine with worry,
Or, dry-scalped, conjure care?
Why break with trustless hurry
The rhythm all things share?
Be as it may, is not to-day
Enough within itself for burdens mortals bear?

While grey fog is descending
Some yellow lights appear,
And these, to purple blending,
Like autumn in a year
Fashion in cloud a regal shroud
To cover the black earth spread on her wintry bier.

LYRICS

The open sky is blessing
Deep as its white-flaked blue ;
The balmy west wind's pressing
Seals earth and man's imbrue ;
And what is done the air and sun
Shall bring to proud fruition when the day is due.

A bright seed time is passing,
In spots of brown and green,
The laboured fields are massing
Their soft breasts to the sheen ;
Yellow and white the banks bedight,
No hint of evil comes man's work and wish between.

In merry woods are mating
Blithe birds of every hue,
Their restless songs relating
How heart did heart undo ;
O life is fleet, O life is sweet !
And pure and great the timeless life beyond our
timid view.

SONG OF DEATH

Through dark plantations peeping,
The red autumnal sky
A failing watch is keeping
Ere evening happen by ;
Shorn wistful tide ! when far and wide
The tree-tints sere and fade and nature breathes a
sigh.

Nor is the sun's declining
A slow farewell to man,
Ah, no ! 'tis ever shining
Inwith some nobler plan ;
And so are we, at death's decree,
Blest bearers of bright lamps beyond life's little span.

A halo's light appearing
Around the pallid head,
A lovely form uprearing
As cold the clay is shed,
Are seen by those whose vision knows
That ethereal realm whither all free souls are fled.

LYRICS

'Mid mourners slowly wheeling,
A hearse bears to the grave
A frame in which quick feeling
Once flowered to actions brave;
Yet valour's doom is not the tomb,
But more heroic deeds where stainless banners wave.

At e'en, when mists are creeping
Around the dreamy trees,
When modest stars are peeping
O'er stilly woods and seas,
The mind eludes its house of moods
To join the tranquil throng of such great souls as
these.

The spirit of my grandsire
Doth hover o'er me ever,
And aids me aye to stand fire
Against the merely clever,
To thole vain cults, to scorn results,
And gain eternal peace in days of true endeavour.

SONG OF DEATH

To outlive sense of duty
Is death without its peace,
To outlive love of beauty
Is surely woe's surcease ;
Yea, evil dies and goodness hies
On endless upward rounds of heavenly increase.

The bud to leaf is breaking,
The child is done with play,
The worm bright wings is taking,
The night is hid in day ;
A greater sphere will soon appear,
For Death is unto Life a glorious First of May.

GLASGOW DITTIES



HAM AND EGGS

HAM AND EGGS

WHEN a' the worries o' the week
Hae stung as sair as bite o' clegs,
A salve we safely can bespeak—
The Sawbath mornin' ham and eggs.

We spend six days wi' little grace
In toomin' bottles, casks, and kegs,
The seventh brings to its honoured place—
The Sawbath mornin' ham and eggs.

The awesome elder at the door
Stands straucht and steady on his legs,
For he has ta'en since last nicht's splore—
The Sawbath mornin' ham and eggs.

Guid, halesome parritch noo is rare
As sneeshin' mulls and philabegs,
Auld Scotland tak's for pious fare—
The Sawbath mornin' ham and eggs.

GLASGOW DITTIES

When that John Calvin's drumly creed
Is watered to the verra dregs,
Thank God ! there's left in time o' need—
The Sawbath mornin' ham and eggs.

A man may carp at Coort or Croon,
E'en Fate itsel' ; but by my fegs,
He wad be bauld that wad rin doon—
The Sawbath mornin' ham and eggs.

CHARING CROSS ASH TREE

CHARING CROSS ASH TREE

AT times I weary o' the streets,
The endless bings o' stanes,
The rackin' din kirns a' my bluid,
And marrows a' my banes—
Aft, aft I hasten hame to see
The Charing Cross ash tree.

Puir, lanely sowl in iron bund,
As if a thing o' guile,
And fenced aroond wi' iron stakes,
As if in durance vile—
I wish fu' sair that I could free
The Charing Cross ash tree.

Altho' an ootlin' o' the wood,
It is nae ootcast stem,
But raither a fine graft set in
The pavement like a gem—
A plant o' pleasure to the e'e,
The Charing Cross ash tree.

GLASGOW DITTIES

To folk that flood gay Sauchiehall,
On fun and frolic bent,
Its slim black stock and bricht green leaves
May be a sicht bespent—
It's like an auld, auld freend to me,
The Charing Cross ash tree.

THE SQUARE

THE SQUARE

I'VE been upon the Hie'lant hills,
And sniffed the caller air,
I've been adoon the Lowland dells
Among the flow'rets fair—
But efter a' I aye come back
To guid auld George's Square.

It's my delicht to hear the thrush
Upon a simmer morn,
It's like the twitter o' the spugs
Among the hools of corn—
Near by the plinth where Gladstone stands
Atween twa trees o' thorn.

Ae day I met a shepherd lad
Upon his evenin's stroll,
His plaid was owre his shouther hung
And by my very soul—
I sighed for that familiar sicht,
Sir Watty on his pole.

GLASGOW DITTIES

Aft ha'e I roved among the woods,
In autumn beauty dressed,
There to the lift the feathery pines
Reared spacious crest on crest—
I like the rhododendron bush
Beside the Cabmen's Rest.

Some wi' a lass like weel to sail
On sweet, sweet Rothesay Bay,
But I prefer to cross the dubs
In which the bairnies play—
Upon the plainstanes o' the Square
When it's a rainy day.

Some brag about Ben Lomond's height,
Some blaw aboot Dumyat,
And some ha'e praise for Ailsa Craig,
A' places I've been at—
But for a sicht to cheer my bluid
Gie's Jimmy Oswald's hat.

AULD GLESCA

AULD GLESCA

THE lanely lord wha ploos the sand,
And roams aroon' Barnbogle,
Wad hint that Glesca was as young
As polisman Macdougall.

She may be young ; she may be auld,
But this was never seen—
St. Mungo and the Lord o' Guild
Playin' bools on Glesca Green.

Although she has nae Holyrood,
Nor mighty Castle rock ;
Yet Glesca wasna built aroon'
The rim o' Rothesay Dock.

She may be young ; she may be auld,
But this she never saw—
Archbishop Turnbull's motor-car
Gaun doon the Rotten Raw.

GLASGOW DITTIES

She has nae mill for grindin' Pleas,
Sic like's the Court o' Session ;
Yet Glesca College scarcely is
A yesterday's transgression.

She may be young ; she may be auld
But this she ne'er did see—
The Provost sit in Provan hoose,
Queen Mary on his knee.

Oor easter winds are no sae snell,
And no sae blae oor noses,
But we hae fogs at Hallowe'en
Beyond a' diagnosis.

She may be young ; she may be auld,
But this she disna ken—
That Adam Smith when on the " New "
Discovered Rouken Glen.

THE CASUAL

THE CASUAL

MY moleskins are the verra best
For casual workin' at the quay,
And I get mony days o' rest,—
Then what are Sunday claes to me?

As for the Kirk, I'm never there,
Neither in Baptist, Auld, nor Free,
For preachin's just a trade in lear,—
Then what are Sunday claes to me?

I watch the jucks in Kelvingrove,
Or ony odd thing there's to see,
And let my idle fancies rove,—
Then what are Sunday claes to me?

I daunder doon to Glesca Green,
To hear the latest heresie,
Ootspoken fra the heart or spleen,—
Then what are Sunday claes to me?

GLASGOW DITTIES

An' noo an' than I westward jaunt,
To feast my een withoot a fee
On Reubens, Reynolds, and Rembrandt,—
Then what are Sunday claes to me?

In ony crood I gladly mix
Where red reformers bear the gree,
I hear exposed Wealth's bag o' tricks,—
Then what are Sunday claes to me?

THE AULD CAB HORSE

THE AULD CAB HORSE

I THINK me o' the bonnie queans,
A' fresh an' fair as flowers in June,
An' braw buds newly in their teens,
I've wheeled to a' pairts o' the toon ;
I was a prancin', mettled cob,
Wi' souple shanks and shinin' skin.
An' cowpers fumblin' at their fob
Wad speir aboot my kith an' kin.

But de'il a bodie sees me noo,
Unless to gie a lichtly smile,—
E'en folks wha aft, when late an' fou,
I carried mony a weary mile ;
It's said I'm broken in the win',
It's said I'm foondered at the knees,
O, auld age is an awfu' sin
In man as well as in gee-gees !

GLASGOW DITTIES

The stance on which I'll stand nae mair,
The stance to which fond mem'ry turns,
Wis on the sooth side o' the Square,
Atween Jeams Watt and Robbie Burns;
And twa years at the verra least
Blithe bonnie years they were to me,
I stood in Bath Street lookin' east,—
O, werena corn guid I wad dee!

Sud ye be gaun to Port Dundas,
Or to the Railway Crannog near,
Into my pock—as on ye pass—
I'll stuff my heid to hide a tear;
My harness it's a' tied wi' strings,
The trams and axle trees are dune,
An' owre the dickie Geordie hings,
His red, red face as roond's the mune.

I WANT MY CHAIN

I WANT MY CHAIN

THOUGH a chiel that aye did weel,
Broken is my heart in twain,
The Cooncil's knocked me aff my keel,
Bilsland wadna gie's a chain !

Chorus

Gie's a chain, I want my chain !
Will ye no gi'e me a chain ?
I'll maybe dwine awa' and dee
If I dinna get a chain.

Reared in Bri'gton's bonnie land,
HEAVEN'S PUIR were a' my ain,
I led them safely by the hand,
Yet I didna get a chain !

Chorus—Gie's a chain, &c.

GLASGOW DITTIES

Sammy Chisholm I laid low,
Alexander I have slain,
Ane by ane they had to go,
Yet I didna get a chain !
Chorus—Gie's a chain, &c.

Up in Springburn I was king,
Glorious was my Woodside reign,
An' noo Dalmarnock's 'neath my wing,
Yet I'm still withoot a chain !
Chorus—Gie's a chain, &c.

I've payed the Corporation rent,
Papered wa's wi' micht and main,
I've sell'd ye boots, I've sell'd ye pent,
Yet I didna get a chain !
Chorus—Gie's a chain, &c.

A NEW PSALM OF LIFE

A NEW PSALM OF LIFE

[A scientific gentleman announces that long periods of rain while necessarily disagreeable are nevertheless conducive to long life and a low death-rate.]

SOME skilly folk have come to ken
By keeping coont o' this and that,
Auld death gets stawed wi' lots o' rain,
And much face-washin' o' the cat ;
Up wi' their gamps, the wizards cry,—
Life's long and weet, life's short and dry.

So when a holiday is due,
An' ye wad aff to Luss or Largs,
The firmament will shed its brew,
Ane o' it's daily dreepin' dargs,
But book "return," withoot a sigh,—
Life's long and weet, life's short and dry.

When burst and bockin' is the drain,
And frae the ceilin' draps come doon,
When shooers and shooers o' ceaseless rain,

GLASGOW DITTIES

Are floodin' a' the rones aboon,
Welcome the mercies o' the sky,—
Life's long and weet, life's short and dry.

Fu' seldom will teetotalers dee,
For they are watered oot an' in,
But a' that gaun upon the spree,
May yet succumb to drouth and gin ;
Oor fates in dubs and drizzle lie,—
Life's long and weet, life's short and dry.

There's just ae season in the year,
The four, that used to be, are gane,
Man's immortality is near,
Ilk season is a rainy ane.
While bloom is on or off the rye,—
Life's long and weet, life's short and dry.

A sunbeam is a coffin nail,
A spell o' drouth a social blight,
But mist and rain, ay, even hail,
Mak' hope dance like a starry nicht ;
Blest be the shooers that ne'er pass by,—
Life's long and weet, life's short and dry.

IT'S A BRAW PLACE GLESCA

IT'S A BRAW PLACE GLESCA

Along with a few benevolent gentlemen the Lord Provost has arranged to give £1 each to mothers in certain districts whose infants reach the age of twelve months.

Councillor S. G. in a letter to the Editor claims to be the protector of Heaven's Poor.

There is a rumour that F. C. has drafted another question regarding the Canal.

Speaking on the subject of taxes Bailie C., in the simplest language possible, remarked that "without any fanfaronade he desiderated the unqualified felicity of every toil-worn recipient of taxpapers for whom he had perennial solicitude."

The Parks Committee recommended refreshment rooms for Rouken Glen, but do not approve of supplying the wants of the public on Sunday.—*From the Daily Press.*

As I cam' owre the Broomielaw,
I met a bonnie lass,
Who stood richt up afore me,
And wadna let me pass ;

GLASGOW DITTIES

And quo she : “ Are ye the Provost ?—
My wean’s noo twel’ month’s auld,
I’ll tak’ the pound as soon’s ye can,
It’s baith gey dry and cauld.”

Chorus—

It’s a braw place Glesca,
The brawest place I ken,
Tho’ noo and then there’s clouds
o’ smoke,
An’ twa three draps o’ rain.

As I cam’ doon thro’ Bridgeton Cross,
I met an auld, auld man,
Who stopped, and puttin’ on his specs,
Thus keenly did me scan ;
And quo he : “ Are ye S. G. ?—
I’m ane o’ Heaven’s Poor,
I’ll tak’ some coals and whisky,
And twa three bags o’ flour.”

*Chorus—*It’s a braw place, &c.

IT'S A BRAW PLACE GLESCA

As I cam' owre by Port-Dundas,
Along the black Canal,
A water Kelpie glowered at me,
Her een did me enthrall ;
And quo she : " Are you F. C. ?—
I'm needin' a' your care,
Sae mony men come drappin' in,
There seems a lot to spare."

Chorus—It's a braw place, &c.

As I cam' roond by Bath Street hill,
Just at the School Board door,
A Janitor cam' runnin' oot,
And wildly did implore ;
And quo he : " Are you B. C. ?—
You've words we dinna ken,
Is a female feathered biped
Just anither name for hen ?"

Chorus—It's a braw place, &c.

As I cam' doon Jamaica Street,
I met a wee bit laddie,

GLASGOW DITTIES

Who looked me up and down and said—

“Ye’re awfu’ like my daddie.

Whit wey is’t that on Sawbath Day,

We’re starved at Rouken Glen?

Whit wey is’t they howk up the streets

And fill the holes again?”

Chorus—

It’s a braw place Glesca,

The brawest place I ken,

Though noo and then they lift the streets,

And lay them doon again.

THE BAILIE AND THE BOY

THE BAILIE AND THE BOY

THERE was a jolly Bailie
Who filled the foremost chair,
And gave the people licenses
When he had them to spare.

Chorus—

And we'll gang nae mair a rovin'
Sae late into the night ;
And we'll gang nae mair a rovin'
Let the wine blink e'er sae bright,
And we'll gang nae mair a rovin'.

It was upon a Friday,
The Premier came to town,
And to a noble banquet,
With the Council he sat down.

GLASGOW DITTIES

The turtle soup was splendid,
The wine a thing of joy,
And none excelled in jollity
The Bailie and The Boy.

And after cigs and coffee,
When blood was at the prime,
The Boy and The Bailie
Went forth to pantomime.

They landed at the Princess
And saw the fairies dance,
But when they went into the Bar,
There was no AD-MIT-TANCE.

There were two big policemen,
Who spake these words unkind :
“The Bar is only open now
To those who work behind.”

Then wrathful spake The Bailie,
“The curtain’s not yet down” ;
And The Boy echoed loudly,
“We’re men of much renown.”

THE BAILIE AND THE BOY

Then all went to the Off-is,
The Chief was brought from bed ;
They 'phoned for Angus C——l,
To bring his legal head.

“ Now let the charge be written,
And written in *that* book ;
And with good ink, not pencil,
And drop that sulky look.”

“ That book is just a blotter ! ”
Loud the lieutenant cried ;
“ What though it were a kipper ? ”
The Councillor replied.

And how the problem will evolve,
It's time alone will tell ;
And who was right and who was wrong,
I don't know very well.

GLASGOW DITTIES

I'M A SUFFRAGETTE

I'm one of that great female band
Who'd die for one another,
And by their side I take my stand
'Gainst husband, son, and brother ;
I want no silly tales of love,
Such as my sisters dote on—
I want a vote, and then I'll move
For something good to vote on.

Chorus—

And if in dear old Duke Street
There's a little room to let,
O let it be my little home,
For I'm a Suffragette.

I called upon the great C. B.,
He gave no satisfaction,
And then John Burns I went to see,
Who said : “ Not ripe for action ” ;

I'M A SUFFRAGETTE

And as for soulless H. H. A.,
Who bosses the Exchequer,
He spoke in such a scornful way,
I vowed to be his wrecker.

I rushed into St. Stephen's Hall,
I skipped into the lobbies,
And when they tried to chuck me out,
I struggled with the bobbies ;
They said to fight against the law
Was very, very stupid,
But I prefer a bobby's arms
To all the spells of Cupid.

There's not a thing that man can do
But woman can do better,
And this she is prepared to prove,
If only he would let her ;
She'll sit a horse, she'll drive a car,
Make Parliamentary speeches :
She'll sail the sea, she'll go to war,
She'll even wear the breeches.

GLASGOW DITTIES

CLINK YOUR GLASSES

BOTH sturt and strife are rude and rife,
The nations brawl and bicker, O,
To help us bear the brunt o' life,
There's nothing left but liquor, O.

Chorus—

Clink, clink your glasses, O,
Clink, clink your glasses, O,
And make the world a half-way house,
Where time too quickly passes, O!

The curate does the vicar scan,
With envious holy rapture, O ;
And every man does what he can
His neighbour's job to capture, O !

CLINK YOUR GLASSES

With labour's sweat our brows are wet,
To earn enough for taxes, O!
Our M.P.'s soon their vows forget,
In grinding of their axes, O!

The millionaire at times will spare
A big purse for his party, O!
He hopes a title new to wear,
And drop the name M'Larty, O!

Each in his mood would fain do good
Unto his erring brother, O!
As if it were not understood,
That one's as bad's the other, O!

To make us men, pubs close at ten,
And still there's Forbes Mackenzie, O!
On holidays the town is then
Respectable as Lenzie, O!

Our pictures fair, and sculpture rare,
Are not a sight for Sunday, O!¹
On sinful treasures we can stare
Quite sinless on the Monday, O!

¹ Thanks to Bailie Shaw Maxwell, this does not apply in Glasgow between the hours of 2 and 6 P.M.—the sinless hours.

GLASGOW DITTIES

The old earth brews a draught of dews
 Against the sun's bright blinking, O!
And man fatigued with sober hues
 Finds rosier tints in drinking, O!

CATALOGUE OF AN INSTITUTE

CATALOGUE OF AN INSTITUTE

No. 3467.—Landscape.

“ If you desire to be well placed,
To make a little pelf,
Just take your picture in your hands
And hang it up yourself ! ”

No. 1001.—“ Moorland Whispers.”

“ A few more whispered words,
A few more wires to pull,
And in the hollow of my hand
I'll hold the Glasgow School.

The walls shall then be mine,
And prices what I say ;
Perhaps a knighthood I'll receive,
To take my sins away.”

GLASGOW DITTIES

No. 01.—Nocturne : not sent in.

“ Where is the maker of the moon,
With his poetic touch ?
Perhaps his muse has taken flight
From their commercial clutch.”

No. 2356.—Historical.

“ Behold M‘Phusle’s annual daub
Upon the fame of Burns ;
And once again the outraged bard
Within his coffin turns.”

No. XXX.—“ Portion of Universe.”

(By Family Arrangement.)

“ My brother John may paint a hill,
And I may paint a tree ;
But by the special grace of God
My father paints the sea :

CATALOGUE OF AN INSTITUTE

And thus the painting of the globe
Belongs unto us three,
Which proves that Art, like wooden legs,
Is pure heredity."

No. 999.—Genre.

"Same old woman, same old mutch,
Same old geranium tree ;
Same old window, same old wheel,
Unto eternity."

No. 24.—Portrait.

Some men are sent up to the Lords
To be forgotten quite ;
While some become full-fledged R.A.'s
And pass into the night.

No. 333.—Portrait.

Where is the poet and his flower,
Where is the great pastel ?
A kindly fate has kept it back
From this pictorial hell.

GLASGOW DITTIES

No. 175.—Genre.

Only a single calf this year,
My weary soul to vex;
Yet still I mark a great advance,
At last I know its sex.

Envoi.

Perhaps, through careless overlook,
Some works remain unsung;
Perhaps, through careless overlook,
The hangers are unhung.

HORNY-HANDED

HORNY-HANDED

THE working man, the working man,
Ah, how the lieges love him,
And when they've robbed him all they can,
How soon aside they shove him.

The working man, the working man,
Ah, how the lieges hate him,
And when he scorns their sordid plan,
How fondly they'd cremate him.

The working man, the working man,
Ah, how the lieges fear him,
Should he their work and wages ban
Their soldiers shoot and spear him.

GLASGOW DITTIES

THAT NICHT JOHN GAED AWA'

A WHEEN fu' chaps cam' up the brae,
Near ane anither trod on,
And as a shepherd leads his flock
Pete led wi' his melodeon ;
They banged thro' slaps, they loupit stiles,
They stechered doon the shaw,
Pete couldna see, he was sae prime,
That nicht John gaed awa'.

They landed in Drumcavil yaird,
And trampin' thro' the cabbage,
In chorus yelled and roared and raired
To see the Brilliant Savage ;
Big Tammis bade them a' come in
Altho' the oors were sma',
And sent the jorum birlin' roon',
That nicht John gaed awa'.

THAT NICHT JOHN GAED AWA'

And aye they danced and aye they sang,
And aye they preed the whisky,
The barm was bizzin' in their heads,
They gat fain and frisky ;
Pete sang fu' lood "O' a' the Airs,"
And Bob "The Deil's Awa',"
Wee Geordie sat on's end and leuch
That nicht John gaed awa'.

The Bard he cam' doon frae his bed,
Would in his sark tail loup,
His muse it had a mighty drouth,
He swallowed stoup on stoup ;
And aye he danced and aye he drank,
Then thocht to speel the wa',
And tried to waltz upon the roof,
That nicht John gaed awa'.

Blythe Wattie sang a hunner sangs,
And tauld as mony stories,
And nearly grat wi' thinkin' on
Puir Scotland's ancient glories ;

GLASGOW DITTIES

Far in the morn they a' gaed oot,
They daundered ane an' a',
Just as the maids gaed to the byres
That nicht John gaed awa'.

"I see some stars," cried Honest Bob,
"I see owre mony stars,
The seevin sisters winked the noo
Doon to the planet Mars.
They're a' alike, baith jauds and stars,
Till day begins to daw,"
And then he did it in the hedge,
That nicht John gaed awa'.

Big Sandy o' Greenhill ran on,
Till he fell in a stank,
A lass wha cam' to help him oot
He'd fain draw owre the bank ;
Though sair at heart the wanton was
To see puir Sandy fa',
She couldna sit doon by his side,
That nicht John gaed awa',

THAT NICHT JOHN GAED AWA'

When Wattie cam' to Holm farm close,
His head was in a ravel,
He breenged to kiss Duff's servant lass,
Against the byre house gavel.
He gripped her tichtly round the waist,
She gae a loud guffaw,
The touslin' seemed to please her weel,
That nicht John gaed awa'.

Bob laid him down among some strae
Wi' naething on his mind,
He slept and slept the hale neist day,
Then rase his tongue to synd ;
He smiled a wee, then blinked a wee,
A bottle he did draw,
Then laid him doon again to spend
That nicht John gaed awa'.

GLASGOW DITTIES

JAMIE

THERE'S Grocer Jamie o' Townhead,
No ae thing nor anither,
Who'd humbug in the coorse o' trade,
A Christian freen' or brither.

Some men fa' doon atween twa stools,
But Jeems can sit on forty;
He'll swear what's dirty's very clean,
What's clean is very clorty.

He'll say maist onything you care,
If you'll but buy his butter;
Yet if you wish his honest word
He'll sune put up the shutter.

He builds new hooses wi' auld bricks,
New windows wi' auld framework,
He mak's fresh chimneys wi' auld flues,
And getting rent's the game work !

JAMIE

He is a holy man at times,
Against promiscuous dancin' ;
But watch him biddin' at a roup,
You'll see his cauld een glancin'.

I wad forgie him hand owre hand,
If he wad redd his midden,
My nose it daily gies a stound,
And I use words forbidden.

Is Jamie for the Right of Way ?
Or is he sair against it ?
You'll never ken,—but success win,
And Jamie smirks fornenst it !

GLASGOW DITTIES

MARY

Oor on the moor among the broom,
O' time we werena chary, O,
The world was like a muckle room,
Nane in't but me and Mary, O ;
Wi' her I walked the dewy dell,
And mansions o' the fairy, O,
I pu'ed the bud, I pu'ed the bell,
A garland for my Mary, O.

When nature wore her mantle green,
The day was blythe and airy, O,
Fu' sweet the mavis sang at e'en
As I cam' hame wi' Mary, O ;
I lo'ed her lang, I lo'ed her weel,
But death was bauld and wary, O,
We were oor ain, oor hearts were leal,
But life forsook my Mary, O.

MARY

The wintry sky is clear and bricht
Wi' starnies in the cairry, O,
Yet naething cheers my collied nicht
For day closed wi' my Mary, O ;
The morning sun blinks o'er the lea,
And frosty emblems vary, O,
But endless winter waits on me,
My simmer was my Mary, O.



COMEDIES

[*This comedy in one act is based on an excellent tale preserved in both the Bannatyne and Maitland MSS., without any author's name in either. "The Friars of Berwick" was printed as early as 1603, but only in the present instance has there been a version of the tale given in dramatic form and in English. The original Scotch in which the story is rendered in rhyme is practically a dead language to this generation.*]

SYMON'S WIFE

SYMON'S WIFE

A METRICAL COMEDY IN ONE ACT

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE GABERLUNZIE, *King James V. of Scotland.*

SYMON LAUDER, *A Country Laird.*

ALISON, *Wife to Symon.*

FRIAR JOHN, *A Black Friar.*

TIBBIE, *Maid-Servant.*

[*Time, Night. Place, the manor of SYMON LAUDER: the kitchen of the manor; present ALISON, SYMON's wife, fair of face and somewhat vain; and TIBBIE, a serving maid; knocking is heard at the door: ALISON opens to the GABERLUNZIE.*

GABERLUNZIE

[*On the threshold and bowing courteously.*

May Heaven's best blessing rest upon this place!
Good e'en, fair dame, God bless your bonnie face!

COMEDIES

ALISON

(*Hastily.*) May our dear Lady Mary keep you, sir !

GABERLUNZIE

At this late hour I'm vexed to cause a stir,
But I have journeyed far : now tired and wet,
I fain would rest me and some shelter get :
I hope the goodman is both blythe and hale,
Where health and love are, favours never fail.

ALISON

He went from home, God wot, on Wednesday,
Into the town to sell his corn and hay,
And buy some things whereof we are in need.

GABERLUNZIE

I pray, fair dame, that God may well him speed,
And bring him back in betterment and cheer !
An't please you, dame, pray fill a stoup of beer.

SYMON'S WIFE

ALISON

You're welcome, Gaberlunzie, to a seat :
I'll fetch you something fast, to drink and eat.

*[He sits down : ALISON places on the table
before him a stoup of ale and a plate of
bread and cheese. He drinks and eats a
while in silence.]*

GABERLUNZIE

It is good ale and I was wondrous dry :
Come hither, dame, and sit you down me by !
And fill this flagon once again for me,
I trow that well remembered you shall be !

*[ALISON fills the stoup of ale and sits down
beside the GABERLUNZIE who pledges her
health and makes merry with her.]*

The night is dark and wet, and I am tired,
Your hearty kindness has my hope inspired
To ask that you might harbour me till morn ;
You would not have me wander forth forlorn ?

COMEDIES

ALISON

The goodman is from home, as I have told ;
God save that I should ever be so bold
As to have strangers in this house with me :
And what would Symon say ? It cannot be !
I trow I durst ne'er look him in the face
If in his absence I abused his place :
Our Lady keep me from peril and shame !

GABERLUNZIE

Come, cast away all fear, my fairest dame ;
For God's love, listen what I have to say !
If I'm put out, I shall be dead ere day !
The road is evil, I am tired and sore,
So weary I could sleep upon the floor,
Therefore of very need I must bide still :
I cast me now complete on your goodwill.

ALISON

To-night you may not stay, as I have said,
Though I am fain to let you have a bed,
For parlous is your state and my heart soft.

*[She meditates a little, then brightens up
with an idea.]*

SYMON'S WIFE

Hark ! If you care you may lie in the loft,
The ladder it stands at the kitchen end :
You shall find straw, and clothes to you I'll send :
There you can rest, deep may your slumber be,
But in no case can you remain with me.

[*To servant.*

Go, Tibbie, take some bedding to the loft,
The heavy blankets that I lately coft :
There make an easy bed among the straw :
When all is done the trap behind you draw.

[*TIBBIE seeks out the blankets, ascends the ladder to the loft, the GABERLUNZIE follows, TIBBIE descends the ladder and draws the trap door after her.*]

[*ALISON shows great pleasure at the GABERLUNZIE being safely housed in the loft, for her love, FRIAR JOHN, a black friar of renown, has promised to visit her.*]

Now, Tibbie, feed the fire into a flare,
And roast the fine fat capons with much care,
And lay the rabbits to the fire in haste
And tenderly them turn, and roast, and baste.

[*She pulls TIBBIE'S ears, and gives her a buffet on each cheek, then passes into a*

COMEDIES

little side-room. TIBBIE cooks the capons and rabbits, and in due time ALISON emerges clothed in a kirtle of fine red silk, a pure white head-dress, keys jingling at her side, and on her fingers many rings. Proud as a parrot she covers the table with a cloth of costly green, lays down napkins of fine damask, then opens the door slightly, listening. A short while passes then a knock comes to the door, and ALISON runs gladly forward to open the door. Enter FRIAR JOHN, carrying two baskets laden with many good things.]

ALISON

And so my own Friar John has come at last !
How heavy, slow, and stale the hours have passed
Like hours at school to children seeking play.

FRIAR JOHN

In sooth, I was an hindered by the way :
Two brother friars came to the Abbey late
Which kept me hiding by the postern gate :

SYMON'S WIFE

Dear winsome dame, your smile warms like the sun,
For me there was no day till day was done ;
There is a pair of jorums good and fine,
They hold a gallon-full of Gascon wine :
And here a pair of partridges just dead,
And here a basket laden with white bread :
These have I brought to feast my sweet love dear,
And it behoves us both to make good cheer.
Yea, now that good friend Symon is away
I shall be blithe and homely while I stay.

ALISON

I know your great renown for learning deep,
The cares of Abbacy that shorten sleep,
The weight of wealth and power all do restrain
The lively impulse of your blood and brain,
But be it shown, you are right welcome here
At any wished-for moment in the year.

[She smiles lustily upon him, he takes the chance when TIBBIE is not looking to squeeze ALISON's hand; TIBBIE busies herself cooking the supper, what time the

COMEDIES

FRIAR and ALISON keep up a surreptitious dalliance ; they whisper to each other and exchange glances.]

FRIAR JOHN

Is this not heaven as much as heaven above ?

ALISON

You are my heart, my lemman, and my love !

[*She pats him on the cheek, and the supper being ready, she covers the board with the good things and the jorums ; everything is daintily set down, and the lovers have just seated themselves at the table when a voice is heard.*]

SYMON

(*From without.*) Those shuttered windows yield
no glimpse of light ;

(*Loudly.*) Alison ! are you bedded for the night ?

[*Receiving no answer he knocks at the door ;*

FRIAR JOHN in a desperate state runs
round the kitchen trying to nose a way out.]

SYMON'S WIFE

ALISON

[*To FRIAR JOHN with a show of haughty courage.*

It's silly Symon making all this fray,
Just when I thought he was so well away :
I'll leave him altogether very soon :
Why does he come back now, the big buffoon ?
Together, all through him, we cannot bide,
'Twas well when leagues did us and him divide !

[*Knocking continues.*

FRIAR JOHN

What shall I do, alas ? What shall I do ?
What's this, O Lord, thy servant is brought to ?
I am undone if Symon find me here !

ALISON

Perchance, ere morn we'll see our way more clear :
But you must hide till Symon goes to rest ;
The hiding place that safest is and best
Is our long kneading trough, that fills the nook,
It holds a boll of meal. Why doubting look ?

[*She makes him creep into the trough.*

Have patience in your prison house, poor heart !

[*To servant.*

Come, Tibbie, let us make an instant start.

COMEDIES

Remove the cooked meats from the fire, and take
Of water a sprinkling the fire to slake :
Then clear the board, removing every trace
Of feasting, and put each thing in its place :
Into the press put bread and ale and wine,
The rabbits, capons, and the wild fowls fine ;
That being done, then sweep the floor quite clean
Till not a hint of supping can be seen.

[TIBBIE proceeds at once to carry out
ALISON's instructions ; ALISON removes
her finery and bounds into bed. SYMON
meantime is knocking his fill without re-
sponse, and his repeated cries of " ALISON "
are also ineffectual. He leaves off knocking
at the door, and goes round the house to a
window at the bedhead where he begins to
shout again. SYMON's utter darkness is
explained by the fact that the windows
besides being small are shuttered.]

SYMON

Alison ! Alison !! Awake ! Awake !!
Get up, and let me in for God's dear sake !

SYMON'S WIFE

ALISON

(*Crabbedly.*) Say who is this that knows so well
my name?

Pray go hence at once. I am a lonely dame :
I'll have no one here, Symon is away,
So wend you on, and do not longer stay
For on this night you will not harboured be !

SYMON

Alison, Alison, know you not me?
I am your Symon ; Symon, your husband, dear !

ALISON

Are you my spouse, Symon ? Alas, I fear .
By error I had almost kept you out :
I scarce expected you so late about.

[*She rises, and getting a light, opens the door
for SYMON ; she takes his gear from him
and welcomes him with a true wife's
heartiness.*]

COMEDIES

SYMON

(*To the maid.*) Come, Tibbie, lass, and kindle me
a fire,
And cook me meat, for fierce is my desire.

ALISON

(*Shortly.*) You need not ask for meat, fry, roast,
or stew,
For there's no meat we can prepare for you.

SYMON

(*Complacently.*) Indeed, fair dame? Then get
me cheese and bread,
And fill the stoup with ale—'twill do instead :
I'm tired and wet, my feet are cold as lead.

[ALISON *and the maid* kindle the fire and
cover the board, but on the table ALISON
set down cold meat only—a cowheel and
a sheep's head and a stoup of ale. She
feigns good humour.]

(*After a big draught of ale.*) Now being home,
I'm near becoming mellow,
I fare content, and yet I need a fellow ;—
Come eat with me, fair dame, drink if you may ?

SYMON'S WIFE

ALISON

(*Tartly.*) O, devil an inch can I ! Nay, nay, nay,
It's in your cosy bed that you should be,
Than sitting there desiring company.

[*Since his ascent by the ladder the GABERLUNZIE has had excellent entertainment, for a slight opening in the boards has allowed him to see and hear all that went on. In response to SYMON's expressed wish for a boon companion, the GABERLUNZIE gives a most suggestive cough, which causes SYMON to look towards the ceiling.*]

SYMON

Methinks there is a man in yonder loft ?

ALISON

A Gaberlunzie man in language soft
Rehearsed his weariness and need of rest :
I said I could not harbour any guest
Because my husband was away from home ;
But when he turned about once more to roam,

COMEDIES

To face the darkness and the long, long way
My woman's heart refused to say him nay :
I sent him to the loft among the straw.

SYMON

So God have part of me, I love His law :
The Gaberlunzie is right welcome here,
Go call him down, and let us have good cheer.

ALISON

I think, dear Symon, you should let him be,
He'd rather sleep than sit in company,
To drink and eat and talk he'll not be fain.

SYMON

Let be, fair dame, your words are all in vain,
I mean to show him hospitality,
Make no delay but bring him down to me.

ALISON

(*Sharply to the maid.*) Here, Tibbie, limmer lazy
to the bone,
Go ask the stranger to come down anon.

SYMON'S WIFE

TIBBIE

[Tibbie ascends the ladder, opens the trap door, and calls.]

Is the poor man sleeping? Awake, awake!
And of the master's cheer and drink partake.

GABERLUNZIE

Thanks, sweet maiden, in comfort I have lain,
The goodman is most welcome home again;
And for his welfare I shall ever pray.
I shall come down anon, you may him say.

[Tibbie descends and is soon followed by the

GABERLUNZIE, who salutes SYMON.]

The good Lord love you for a social heart,
And grant long life to play the goodman's part!

SYMON

Come in, come ben, my Gaberlunzie dear,
And sit you down in peace beside me here:
I now am quite alone as you may see,
Therefore sit down and bear me company,
And take your fill of such fare as is set,
It is, in sooth, the best that I can get.

COMEDIES

GABERLUNZIE

God save you : here I trow are all things good !

SYMON

The board is well enough : and by the Rood,
Yet gladly would I give a crown of gold
For some rare meat and drink to have and hold !

GABERLUNZIE

Of what fine flesh now do you longing think ?
Of what nice liquor would you care to drink ?
For I have dipped in magic to the ear
With famous men in Paris yester year.
This would I prove, sir, humbly for your sake,
And for your Dame's, who welcome did me make.
I take on hand, if you will counsel keep,
To give you your desire before you sleep,
Of the best meat between here and the sea,
And Gascon wine of wondrous quality.

[SYMON *marvels much at this tale.*

SYMON'S WIFE

SYMON

There ne'er can be contentment in my heart
Until you prove the practice, ere we part,
Of necromancy the blackest art.

GABERLUNZIE

That I can show you magic have no dread,
For I can do far more, let it be said !

SYMON

I am most curious grown ! As night is short,
E'en for my sake with magic make us sport.

[*The GABERLUNZIE rises, takes out a book, and stepping to and fro turns over leaf by leaf and reads a while. Firstly, he turns his face to the east, and makes the sign of the cross, then bows lowly ; secondly, he turns right about to the west ; thirdly, to the north he turns, takes his book and reads an orison, then he fixes his gaze steadily on the cupboard and afterwards on the kneading trough. He sits down and gasps,*

COMEDIES

groans, gapes, and stares ; for a little he sits motionless in study, for a little he reads his book ; then suddenly he claps his hands, glowers wildly, and strides rapidly three times round the floor, and finishes by bowing very low at the cupboard door. ALISON betrays great concern as he makes some signs over the cupboard. He returns to the table and resumes his study.]

ALISON

(*Aside.*) I am undone ! His art is true as steel,
What shall I do ? Alas, I was not leal !
And for my wanton error heaven has sent
This man to bring about my punishment.

GABERLUNZIE

[*Starting suddenly and triumphantly to his feet.*
All hail ! 'Tis done. You shall, as here I stand,
Have meat and drink, the best in all our land !
And you with pleasure, fair dame, I address :
Pray quickly walk up to your ample press

SYMON'S WIFE

And open it, and bring for what we pine,
A pair of jorums full of Gascon wine.
They hold a gallon and more of glorious red !

[ALISON is at first reluctant, yet seeing the
hopelessness of disobeying, brings out the
two jorums feigning surprise.]

GABERLUNZIE

And bring us the creel laden with white bread !
[ALISON brings out the basketful of bread feign-
ing greater surprise.]

A pair of rabbits fat and piping hot !
[ALISON fetches them.]

A pair of capons newly from the pot !
[She gets the capons.]

Two pair of partridges, no less, no more !
[By the time poor ALISON brings the partridges
she is cutting a somewhat sorry figure in
her own eyes.]

Of golden plovers see you bring us four !
[With an anxious sigh she tables the plovers,
then remembering her part quickly exhibits
consternation.]

COMEDIES

ALISON

(*Smiling sweetly.*) Ha! Benedicite! What may
this mean?

Who has ever before such wonders seen?
He did full sooth of all that he did say.

SYMON

[*Struck with great wonder.*

There's nought he may not do by night or day!
I swear by the light of the waxing moon
And green leaves that gleam in the sun at noon!
This Gaberlunzie has a knowledge vast
To suddenly purvey this great repast;
It seems there is strange lore across the sea,
Transcendent art and deep philosophy.
Methinks you have come here in right good time,
Just when my stomach's need was at the prime.

GABERLUNZIE

That we may drink together, fill a cup,
A drop of Gascon wine will cheer us up.

SYMON'S WIFE

[They drink round after round, eat heartily, and encourage each other to make right merry cheer. When they are most at ease, poor ALISON, her cheeks aflame and her heart fluttering, is very miserable.]

SYMON

Come here, fair dame, and seat you at my side
And with us at the festive table bide,
And kindly thank the Gaberlunzie here
Who wrought from magic this most royal cheer.

[ALISON sits down feigning to be blythe, and bears them company, sharing the wine.]

ALISON

Your kindness is as great as your great art.

GABERLUNZIE

'Twas of our science, indeed, a paltry part.

SYMON

I marvel very much how that can be!
Already you've gone deep enough for me.

COMEDIES

And yet in sooth I would like well to hear
By what strange means you brought this dainty
cheer.

GABERLUNZIE

I have a page ; he is my very own,
Who waits upon me,—as I list—unknown ;
He brings to me such things as I would have,
Whate'er I want, I-do not need to crave.
If it should be your pleasure to have more,
He shall it bring in shapes and kinds galore.
But I condition that you keep it dark,
That I can do these things in gown or sark.

SYMON

I swear, I swear by heaven's almighty King
I shall keep private every little thing.
What I would frankly say 'tween you and me
Is, brother dear, your servant I would see !
And may it please you now we drink together,
We know not what old Time may do or Weather :
Whene'er you choose I want a feast like this.

SYMON'S WIFE

GABERLUNZIE

My worthy Symon, as I have heaven's bliss,
You cannot see the page at my command,
It cannot be, as you can understand :
Were you to see him clad like all his kind
It were enough to drive you out of mind.
He is so foul and ugly to the sight
I dare not risk to show him in the light,
And namely now so late into the night.
But if you fain would see him in some wise,
I'll him exhibit in another guise.

[ALISON *winks to the* GABERLUNZIE *who*
winks in return.]

SYMON

Howe'er you please, it's all the same to me ;
Do as you like, but him I fain would see.

GABERLUNZIE

So be it, sir, and since you will it so
We'll now commence our necromantic show.

COMEDIES

Since on a sight of him you place such store,
Say now and frankly, without saying more
In what shape do you wish him to appear?

SYMON

In habit white : in likeness of a friar.

GABERLUNZIE

As you have so described so shall it be,
But whatsoever you may hear or see
Take heed you do as I shall you advise,
Pray speak no word ; be silent in surprise ;
And near beside me, Symon, you must stand
And grip a staff right firmly in your hand
And have no dread, but do as I command.

SYMON

*[Rises and selects a strong cudgel with much
care ; he is somewhat afraid, and trying
to hide his anxiety he straightens himself
up for the task. He holds out the staff.]*

In sooth this is no slender willow wand !
What happens next ? I would you were begun !
God keep us till the wondrous trick is done.

SYMON'S WIFE

GABERLUNZIE

Do nothing, sir, but hold you close and still
Anon, of sport I warrant you your fill ;
Stand near the door and keep well out of sight
Until I bid you strike, then whack with might
Upon his neck. See that you hit him right !

SYMON

I'll e'en do this with all my heart's delight.

[He takes up his position near the door, expectant. The GABERLUNZIE takes out a book quickly, and busily turns over the leaves ; after a spell of muttering, mumbling, and make-believe, he goes over to the kneading trough.]

GABERLUNZIE

. By the great King of Babylon, Berdock,
Who dwelt one summer in a bowkailstock,
Who dwelt one winter with a bumble bee,
Ha ! Ho ! and Hurly-bass ! I conjure thee !

COMEDIES

Arise, arise, and in all haste appear,
In habit white, in likeness of a friar,
From out this trough where thou dost waiting
lie,

Come stretch thee soon and make no din nor cry !
And in this house see that thou no man grieve,
Pray draw thy hands both well up in thy sleeve,
Take heed to draw thy cowl down o'er thy face
Thou may'st thank God for getting so much
grace.

Now bundle up and to thy dwelling go,
Some ill may meet thee if thou art too slow !
In thy departing do not stand nor stay,
Nor turn nor talk, but freely pass away :
And to this place come back, come back no
more,

For if thou dost, thy doom's at thine own door.

[FRIAR JOHN comes out of the trough all
white with the mealy flour, stretches him-
self speedily and makes for the door ; in
his hurry he falls over a stool, he picks
himself up and bolts forward.]

Strike, Symon, strike ! and do it fell and fast !

SYMON'S WIFE

[*SYMON hits the FRIAR on the neck with his cudgel, and between fear and fierceness he falls over a sack. SYMON'S head comes in nasty contact with the floor, and meantime the FRIAR is heard falling over the stair. The GABERLUNZIE, alarmed at SYMON lying so long on the floor, goes over to him and finding him in a faint, loosens his cravat and drags him to the open doorway for air. SYMON comes round.*]

What ails you that you are so sore aghast ?

SYMON

Your white friar took my wind and wits away.

GABERLUNZIE

The worst is past ; with art I've ceased to play.
Make merry, man ! In sooth you knocked him fair,
You whacked him through the door and o'er the
stair !

I saw him skip, if I the truth can tell,
Down o'er the stair, and in the mire he fell !
Now let him go, he was a graceless guest,
Come ! slip away to bed and take your rest.

COMEDIES

SYMON

[Flourishing his cudgel with self-satisfaction.

I trow he got a fright ; I laid well on !

I heard him grunt, and I heard him groan !

*[Scratches his head where it is sore and says
meditatively,*

He was so like, he might have been Friar John.

*[ALISON and the GABERLUNZIE exchange
“knowing” glances, while TIBBIE, the
maid, giggles in a corner.]*

CURTAIN

ROBIN AND MAKYNE

A METRICAL COMEDY IN ONE ACT

[The original "Robene and Makyne," by Robert Henryson, of Dunfermline, is a tiny pastoral of the fifteenth century, written in a language that is to the modern Scotch tongue as Chaucer is to the modern English. If I have taken a liberty in adding a third character in the person of the Gaberlunzie, and in giving the little story the conventional happy ending, which it had not in the original, my apology must be that I have done my best to retain the native simplicity and Arcadian charm of the original.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE GABERLUNZIE, *King James V. of Scotland.*

ROBIN, *a Shepherd.*

MAKYNE, *a Country Girl.*

[*Time : Toward sunset. Place : A pastoral scene within view of the Firth of Forth.*

ROBIN, *a shepherd, sits on a grassy mound ; near him, in a supplicating and humble attitude, stands MAKYNE, a country girl ; behind a bush, unobserved by ROBIN and MAKYNE, lies the GABERLUNZIE asleep.*

COMEDIES

GABERLUNZIE

(*Awakens, rubs his eyes, and peers through the bush, saying in an aside.*) She is fair as
a new blown rose,
And a rose is fair to see ;
How the red in her white cheek glows !

MAKYNE

Robin, pity thou me ;
I have loved thee as no one knows,
These long years, almost three ;
O, ere my sorrow deeper grows,
Let love and fancy free.

ROBIN

I swear thee, Makyne, by the Rood,
Nothing of love I know ;
I keep my sheep near by yon wood,
See ! they range in a row.
What has marred thee in thy mood,
Makyne, do thou me show ;
Or what is love ? or to be loved ?
The love that ails thee so ?

ROBIN AND MAKYNE

MAKYNE

If thou wouldst learn of that sweet lore,
Take here this A B C,
All kindly acts keep to the fore,
Be wise, benign, and free ;
And every day wear more and more
The charms of chivalry !
And let the light from thy heart's core
Shine in thy face for me.

ROBIN

Makyne, fair maid, I say again :
I know not what is love ;
In sooth I fail to ascertain
What trouble doth thee move.
The day is fair and I am fain,
My sheep go hale above,
If we should play us in this plain,
The folk would us reprove.

COMEDIES

MAKYNE

Robin, take heed to what I say,
And do as I advise,
And thou shalt have my heart this day,
Yea, all that it implies.
Within the woodland let us stray,
Quite hid from curious eyes :
Ah ! Robin, do not say me nay,
Or else poor Makyne dies.

ROBIN

To-morrow, Makyne, at this tide,
If thou shalt meet me here—
Perhaps my sheep may go aside
While we have lain full near.
It better were I should not bide
When they begin to stir—
What lies on heart I will not hide,
Makyne, then make good cheer !

MAKYNE

Alas ! I'm robbed of peace and rest,
I love but thee alone.

ROBIN AND MAKYNE

ROBIN

Makyne, adieu, the sun goes west,
The day is nearhand done.

MAKYNE

Robin, with dool I am oppressed,
For thee I weep and moan.

ROBIN

Makyne, go love where thou think'st best,
For woman I love none.

MAKYNE

Robin, I plead in such a style
As maidens few will dare.

ROBIN

Makyne, I have been here this while,
At home, God grant I were !

MAKYNE

My honey, Robin, talk awhile,
If nothing else thou'lt share.

COMEDIES

ROBIN

Makyne, some other man beguile,
For homeward I shall fare.

[*Exit ROBIN humming a tune contentedly to himself. MAKYNE looks after him for a moment, then falls a-weeping with her face in her hands and her hair falling over her shoulders.*]

MAKYNE

Now mayst thou bound across the bent,
And step the grassy sea ;
Now mayst thou sing : *my* life is rent,
What ails poor love at me.
[*Once more she forgets herself in weeping sorely.*]

GABERLUNZIE

(*Aside.*) I wish some part of Makyne's ail,
Through Robin's heart would creep ;
Some day the virtuous youth will fail,
To think of nought but sheep.

ROBIN AND MAKYNE

Would I had met her in this dale,

While he did list and peep ;

I would not fly across the vale,

And leave her here to weep.

[*Enter ROBIN in great haste, advancing to the drooping figure of MAKYNE.*]

ROBIN

Abide, abide, thou fair Makyne !

One word for anything !

Lo ! all my fancy now is thine,

The head and breast and wing ;

All hail ! thy heart shall now have mine,

And love complete I bring ;

My sheep to-morn till hour of nine,

Will need of no keeping.

MAKYNE

[*Wiping away her tears and arranging her hair.*]

Robin, thou hast heard sung and say,

In stories old and good,

The man who will not when he may,

Shall have not when he would.

COMEDIES

For her I'll pray twice every day,
I swear it by the Rood,
Who first attempts with thee to play,
By field or stream or wood.

ROBIN

Makyne, the night is soft and dry,
The weather warm and fair,
The greenwood grows right near us by,
To walk in without care.
No gossip will us there espy—
Which is to love contrair,—
Therein, Makyne, both thou and I
Unseen may now repair.

MAKYNE

Robin, that world is all away,
And quite brought to an end,
From such another hapless day,
May heaven us both forfend !
For of my pain thou mad'st a play,
And would not with me blend ;
As thou hast done, so shall I pay,—
Mourn on—I think to mend.

ROBIN AND MAKYNE

ROBIN

Makyne, the hope of all my weal,
My heart on thee is set ;
No words can tell thee what I feel,
Thy pain I sore regret ;
And evermore to thee I'm leal,
Whatever grace I get.

MAKYNE

Robin, with thee I will not deal ;
Adieu ! for thus we met.
[*Exit MAKYNE while ROBIN casts himself
down dolefully upon the grassy mound.*]

GABERLUNZIE

(*Aside.*) If I can read this maid aright,
She takes stand on her pride,
And in the veins of both at height,
There flows a warmer tide.
Why should they not be happy quite,
They're quits on either side ?
I'll have a tilt to bring them right
And make the maid a bride.

COMEDIES

[*He cries loudly after the retreating* MAKYNE.
Come back, Makyne! Come back, Makyne!
And welcome to my breast.

[*Enter* MAKYNE.

No beauty can compare with thine
In north, south, east, or west.
That night I do remember fine,
Thou hadst me for thy guest,
And supped me well with Rhenish wine,
Before I went to rest.

MAKYNE

(*Amazed and angry.*) I know thee not, thou
false, false loon,
I ne'er saw thee before!
[*Robin becomes an interested listener.*

GABERLUNZIE

(*Amused.*) What! mind'st thou not the siller
shoon,
And doublet new I wore?

ROBIN AND MAKYNE

Who walked with thee through the Lang Toun,
The Links Fair back and fore ?
While with great glee a gauzy moon
Did dance on sea and shore ?

MAKYNE

(*Perplexed.*) 'Tis true I was at the Links Fair,
But thee I never met ;
I had but eyes for Robin there,
And none on me he set.

GABERLUNZIE

I know full well thou dost not care
To own the happy debt
Which I am due thee since the Fair :
It suits thee to forget.
But in my veins I feel the thrill,
Which from thy kisses sprung ;
I feel again thine arms at will
Which round my neck were flung ;
I hear again thy soft voice trill—
Was sweeter song e'er sung ?

COMEDIES

MAKYNE

O, Robin, lend not willing ears
To such a tale of guile !

GABERLUNZIE

If thou dost dread this shepherd hears
What he can't reconcile,
Lo ! where yon greenwood high uprears
Beyond the ancient stile,
Together, there now chance appears,
Dear, let us walk awhile.

[MAKYNE *weeps*.]

Pray do not weep ; thou'rt not the first,
Love's mem'ries to bewail ;
Thou wert the best and not the worst
My Links Fair to regale.

MAKYNE

O ! stranger, thou'rt a man accursed,
To come into this dale,

ROBIN AND MAKYNE

To say those evil things thou durst,
And spread so cruel a tale.
Would I had one to take my part,
To teach thee what is due,
To maidens of unsullied heart,
In thought and impulse true.

ROBIN

Makyne, I suffer from the smart,
Thou gav'st when I did sue ;
Thy words did pierce me like a dart
That swift full-quivered flew.
Yet, by the Rood, I will not stand
To hear this scandal named,
Nor see, the rosiest in our land
In painful blushes shamed ;
I wait but now for thy command,
To fight who hath defamed.

MAKYNE

Oh, Robin, thou canst understand
I have been falsely blamed.

COMEDIES

ROBIN

(*To the Gaberlunzie.*) Come, carle, come !
thy words withdraw,
And never more assail,
A maiden without spot or flaw,
With a malicious tale.
Come, take it back ! or by God's law,
With hazel staff I'll flail
Thy body till the flesh turn raw,—
Come now, speak without fail !

GABERLUNZIE

[*Drawing his sword from underneath his cloak.*
I stand by all that I have said,
Thy hazel staff I scorn ;
And men by maids to quarrels led,
Had better ne'er been born.
[*A duel takes place between ROBIN, who wields
his staff, and the GABERLUNZIE, who
uses his sword. After a keen struggle
ROBIN knocks the sword out of the GABER-
LUNZIE'S hand, and seizing the sword
brings the GABERLUNZIE to his knees.*]

ROBIN AND MAKYNE

ROBIN

Withdraw ! or I shall strike thee dead !

Thou need'st not pray nor sorn,
Withdraw ! or thy base blood I'll shed,
Thy base sword to adorn ;
Withdraw ! withdraw ! all thy defame
Against this modest maid,
Or else I'll end thee—to thy shame—
With thine own dastard blade.

GABERLUNZIE

Hold ! I withdraw ; clear is her name,
'Twas nought but lies I said ;
In sooth it was a coward's game,
And one right badly played.
[ROBIN *allows the GABERLUNZIE to rise up,*
and then hands him his sword.]

MAKYNE

[*Throwing her arms around Robin.*
Dear Robin ! my brave champion,
Thou well hast won the day ;

COMEDIES

Not in that gallant fight alone,
But in another fray.
The struggle in my breast is gone,
Cold pride has run away ;
And thou a victory hast won,
For love has come to stay.

GABERLUNZIE

The fight is thine, O lucky lass,
For thou the prize dost wear ;
No braver shepherd steps the grass
Or breathes the upland air ;
I spake thee ill—but let that pass—
For goodwill now I bear.

ROBIN

Makyne, ere gloaming hides the Bass,
Let us both homeward fare.
[*The GABERLUNZIE beckons ROBIN to come aside.*]

GABERLUNZIE

Brave shepherd, grant thou me a boon ;
Go, lead thy love away ;

ROBIN AND MAKYNE

Then for a little come back soon

To list what I've to say.

[*Exeunt* ROBIN and MAKYNE.]

I fain would sing a robust rune,

A broad and blythesome lay,

I'm mad as sweethearts 'neath the moon,

My heart is bright as May.

I've made a hero, made a bride,

I've welded them in one,

And they are blind on either side

How feat the trick was done.

While Robin's pluck is not denied,

By that alone he won,

Yet I must show ere eventide

That fencing he had none.

[*Enter* ROBIN.]

ROBIN

Be brief; my time is precious grown.

GABERLUNZIE

In sooth I quite agree.

What charm was o'er thy hazel thrown?

Where grew the wizard tree?

COMEDIES

ROBIN

The hazel has no witching known ;
It grew by yonder lea.

GABERLUNZIE

Take thou my sword—now we're alone
I'll test thy staff on thee.

[*They exchange weapons, the GABERLUNZIE gets the staff, and ROBIN the sword. A duel follows in which ROBIN is disarmed, and he looks amazed at the skill displayed by his opponent.*]

ROBIN

Methinks thy skill was hid when we
In combat first did meet ;
And something says I owe to thee
My life and love complete.
Thy servant hence—command thou me,
Thy call I'll gladly greet.

GABERLUNZIE (*laughing*).

Come with thy bonnie bride and be
My guest at Falkland's seat.

ROBIN AND MAKYNE

[*The GABERLUNZIE throws off his cloak, &c., revealing himself as the King in his regal habiliments.*]

ROBIN

The King, the King, it is the King!

[*ROBIN kneels; MAKYNE unobserved has returned and now peers in upon the scene and is much astonished.*]

GABERLUNZIE

Arise, Sir Robin, rise!

Accept from me this signet ring,

And when misfortune cries,

Straightway to me the token bring,

For in it favour lies.

Farewell! Stay!—o'er my shoulder fling

My favourite disguise.

[*Curtain falls while ROBIN is assisting the King to resume his GABERLUNZIE attire.*]

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